Jazz the Baby-Sitter:
(Jazz the Succubus Spanking Stories - Part 4)
By Yu May and Spidersans

[Author's note: Spidersan's concept for this story was inspired by the artist Bikerbloke and his story "Perils of a Babysitter - A Tutorial." You can support Bikerbloke on DeviantArt, and through his personal website: Bikersplacetwo.com.]

Mammon's big, goofy, punchable face appeared on Jazz's smartphone screen.

"Children…People say that they bring joy to the world. But other people, like me, know that some children are just bad apples. In other words, little turds come in all shapes and sizes. So why am I talking about children? Because when the brats are yanking your last chain, what you need is a severely underpaid babysitter! And with the Mammon4Mama's™ App, you can match instantly with a hot babysitter in your area, or if your kids are especially awful, from any poor sucker in hell who needs the cash!"

Jazz puffed her bangs out of her eyes and fumbled to skip the ad. "Ugh. I hate commercials! Lucky they don't work on me."

Jazz scrolled absent-mindedly as she listened to another financial advice video, titled *The Secret to Bitcoin*, posted by someone calling himself "Fizarolli the Not a Financial Advisor Clown".

After finally escaping her seemingly inescapable credit card debt, Jazz had been making bank doing the most fun job in the world: being a succubus. Her side hustle was acting as Princess Stella's personal stress toy, which meant a spanking every other week or so. Her third job was working as an exotic dancer at the House of Asmodeus. The tips had been rolling in, and every stripper agreed that Ozzie was the best boss a gal could ever have. But Jazz still felt the itch to pick up the latest line of Mamon-licensed gear, and she'd promised Ruby not to touch anything in their shared savings account.

Mammon appeared in another ad, riding a skateboard before he tripped and fell forward. His face seemed to slam against the inside of Jazz's phone, creating the illusion of shattering the glass. "Agh! My beautiful face! If only I had a MAMMON™ X-TREME™ HELMET™ while I ride my MAMMON™ X-TREME™ SCRAPE-BOARD™!"

A bunch of explosions and armpit-fart SFX heralded the words "CONSOOM MAMMON™ PRODUCTS!"

Jazz giggled. "Pfft! That ad is so obnoxious…man, I miss skateboarding. I really need to find a fourth job."

Jazz scowled as she scrolled through page after page of job listings. “A fast food joint? …Nah, too greasy. Working in a grocery store? Too boring. School janitor? Even more boring! I’d rather work with kids, not just clean up after them.”

Mammon reappeared on her screen wearing his radical 1990s skateboarder gear, before a second version of Mammon appeared on screen, this time wearing a classy 3-piece business suit and tie. The new ad appeared so fast, the 90s-radical-skater-dude version of Mammon was sent flying in another explosion. Clearing his throat, the business-suit version of Mammon addressed Jazz, gesturing to a white board covered with green dollar signs and charts with lines going up. “Need cash now? Can you sit on your ass? Download the Mammon4Mama’s™ App, and you can become a babysitter! All moms secretly hate their kids, so that means you can make the big bucks!”

Jazz beamed as she clicked on the link to download the app. “Ooh! I like kids!”

After not reading several pages of terms and conditions, Jazz agreed to all of them, uploaded a selfie, and was informed that she would have to pass a thorough background-check before using the app. A chibi-cartoon version of Mammon announced, “Hang on! We need to make sure you’re not a pedophile.” After a GIF of chibi Mammon rifling through papers with a magnifying glass played for 3 seconds, Jazz was informed that she had passed her background check with flying colors. With a burst of confetti and trumpet fanfare, the chibi Mammon danced and cheered, “Hooray! You’re not a pedophile!”

Jazz pumped her fists. “Yes! I knew it!”

The app flickered, and Jazz saw a slider labeled, “Regular Babysitter Jobs” and “X-TREME™ BABY SITTING JOBz [WARNING: THIS MODE IS X-PERIMENTAL!™]”

“Well, this one’s perfectly obvious!” Jazz grinned as she chose the X-TREME™ option.

A profile picture appeared of a harried looking fish-demon fish-wife, from the Ring of Envy. “Lacey Fichtkaern. Help! Last minute schedule conflict! 2 children, both age 10. Dip and Drop. Perfect angels. Will pay $300.”

Jazz pressed her nose against her screen. “Three…hundred…dollars?”

Her phone buzzed and the app gave her a notification of an update. The app refreshed to show that the poster had updated her job request. “$300 EACH! $600 total for one day, please im desperate.”

“Hell yeah I’ll help!” roared Jazz as she tapped to accept the job.

Jazz burst out of her room and kissed Ruby on the cheek. “600 bucks to take care of two twerps? This will be the easiest money I ever made. Love you, Rubes, I’m off to work!”

“Twerps? Money? What are you…” Ruby trailed off as she saw Jazz disappear out the door of their shared apartment. “...up to…Oh, dear.”

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Jazz watched her phone like a hawk as she used the Hellevator to travel to the Ring of Envy. The moment it reached the Arrival Hall, Jazz leapt out and held up her hand, dancing on her tip-toes. “Emergency Babysitter, here for Lacey Fichtkaern?”

A plump fish-demon spun to look at her from across the terminal. She had two twin children following her, who Jazz immediately recognized from the advertisement. But to Jazz’s surprise, the fish-woman also carried a plump baby attached to a leash. The lady puffed from the exertion as she hustled to greet Jazz. “Are you…jazz-super-mammon-fan-girl?”

Jazz scowled as she checked her phone. “Sorry, I'm afraid I’m not. I’m jazz-super-mammon-fan-girl-69.”

The fish wife blinked. “Um…yeah. I forgot that part. So…you’re jazz-super-mammon-fan-girl-69? From the app?”

Jazz posed like Superman, then added a wink. “Oh! That’s definitely me. Jazz-super-mammon-fan-girl-69 is here to save the day! And you must be Lacey Fichtkaern?”

The fish woman took a gulping breath. “Actually, it’s pronounced ‘Fish-karen.’ And these two are my precious twins: Dip and Drop.”

Both twins had aquamarine fish scales and shamrock green eyes.

Lacey sighed with undisguised pride, then held up the chunky baby. “Now Miss Jazz, I'm taking junior to the doctor’s...and then bridge club. I won't be back until 8 p.m., so please take good care of my darlings! …And you’d better keep them entertained.”

Jazz stiffened. She’d planned to just put on a movie, but in her rush, she’d forgotten to pack an entertainment bag. “You can count on me, ma’am! I love taking care of kids, with, uh, high quality entertainment that is also educational and family-friendly!”

Lacey glowered at Jazz. “...Sure.”

Then the baby distracted her by spitting up bubbles. “Aw! Who’s my chunky little, burpy-baby?”

The moment Lacey turned away from Jazz, she was all smiles as she patted her twins on the head, each in turn. “Now, you two be good for Miss Jazz. If you behave for her, I’ll take you to the toy store to get that X-Treme Mammon skateboard gear you’ve been yapping about.”

Two halos appeared above Dip and Drop's heads. "We promise!"

Lacey spun on her high-heels as she heard the Hellevator doors ding and start to open, then tottered away, clicking and clacking, and clucking her tongue. "Oh dear! That's my elevator! Wave goodbye, Chunky!"

"Bah-bai!" squealed the baby, presumably Chunky, Junior.

The moment that Lacey disappeared behind the elevator doors, the twins turned slowly to look up at Jazz, their smiles frozen on their faces. Their halos seemed to dissipate in hell-fire.

Jazz swallowed, and finally took a good look at the kids as she tried to read their strange, shared expression. The girl, Drop, had long grey hair with white highlights, and wore a sea green sweater. As Jazz noticed the girls' color-coordinated black skirt, stockings and shoes, Jazz had the distinct impression Drop was a budding fashionista. The boy, Dip, had spiky silver hair, and wore a red shirt with a grungy graphic of Satan himself on it. Jazz sighed with relief. After all, there was nothing ominous about a pre-teen boy wearing a Satan shirt. "So where do you kids want to–"

"Your breasts are big," said Drop.

Jazz giggled. "...Excuse me?"

Jazz was startled as Dip appeared behind her. "Drop said, 'Your breasts are big.' Also, don't forget her ass. It's pretty big, too."

As Dip pinched her buttock, Jazz squeaked and spun around to wave a finger at the boy. "Excuse me!"

The moment that Jazz took her eyes off of Drop, the girl reached out and pinched Jazz's butt. "Dip said, 'Don't forget her ass. It's pretty big, too.' Can't you hear good?"

Jazz yelped and covered her bottom. "Ah! Hey, don't touch my butt, Dip!"

"Okay," said Dip, as he grabbed one of Jazz's breasts. "They're so heavy. Are you fat or something?"

"Woah! I said don't touch!"

Dip shook his head. "No, you didn't. You said don't touch your butt."

"Well don't touch my boobs either, buster! And I am not fat! I have natural, feminine curves, and I'm very happy with them."

Jazz sucked in a breath as she felt someone squeeze a fistfull of her buttocks.

“I dunno, this dump truck looks pretty fat to me,” said Drop.

“Hey! I just told you not to touch my butt!”

“No, you didn’t. You just told Dip not to touch your butt, not me.”

“Well, you don’t get to touch my butt, either!”

Drop nodded. “Okay.”

Then Drop fiddled with both of Jazz’s breasts. “You’re right, Dip, they are pretty heavy.”

Jazz squealed and retreated from the two terrible twins, covering her breasts. As she noticed people starting to stare, her face turned red and she lowered her voice to a dangerous whisper. “Okay, that's enough! Time to lay out some ground rules. Rule number one: do *not* touch me. That goes for both of you! Rule number two: do not call me fat. That really hurts my feelings!”

Imitating Jazz’s pose, Drop crossed her arms and waggled her head, using a baby voice. “That wee-wee hurt your fee-fees? But I thought all succubi loved being called degrading names. Like ‘naughty wittle girl.’ Or ‘sweet cheeks.’”

Dip used his fingers to trace the shape of Jazz’s hourglass proportions in mid-air. “Yeah, and aren’t ‘phat’ and ‘thicc’ supposed to be compliments now? As in, ‘Gyatt, dayum! That fat-ass broad sure is fine! She’s thicker than a bowl of oatmeal!’”

“What? No! How do you kids even know this kind of language?”

“We watch TV,” said both Dip and Drop.

As Jazz experienced a vivid vision of taking the two brats across her knee, her hands twitched. “Enough! First off, no, not all succubi like being called mean names. Only some succubi like that! And second, even if some succubi *do* like being called mean names sometimes, we only like it when someone we love says it, in the not-mean way! So…”

Jazz took a calming breath, holding her hands in the namaste position. “...Where would you two kids like to go? We have a whole day to kill, so we might as well do something fun. Anywhere you want!”

Like two dolls, Dip and Drop stared at each other, then swiveled their heads back to stare at Jazz. “The Pride Ring,” said both, together.

“Huh? That’s just the home for the souls of sinners, condemned to hell. We’re free to visit any circle of Hell you want. Why the Pride Ring?”

Dip picked up a duffel bag and held it up to show Jazz his baseball gear. It was all decorated with the logo of Hell’s top baseball team: The Anti-Saint Paul Anti-Saints. “Pentagram City has a great baseball park.”

Drop unzipped her own bag and donned a cap and glove. “Yeah, we both brought our equipment.”

Jazz hummed. On the one hand, she’d never visited the Pentagram City Ball Park before, and it sounded fun. On the other hand, she wasn’t sure these two brats deserved to have fun, at the moment. On the other-other hand, baseball sounded like an excellent way to distract them from harassing her. “I don't see the harm in that. Okay, let's go.”

Both twins smiled, revealing their piranha-like teeth. “Whatever you say, fat ass!”

As the twins raced to the Hellevator, headed for the Ring of Pride, Jazz rubbed her temples. “It’s just for today, Jazz. You can do this! …You can do this…"

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As Jazz smacked into a tree, her smartphone map announced, “You have arrived! Welcome to: Pride Ring City Public Ballpark.” Jazz shook her head to clear her vision, and saw a simple, but well-tended ballpark, surrounded by a chain link fence. It was decorated by a sign that declared, “The Pride of Pride Ring City!”

Jazz skipped to press her face close against the fence. “Wow! This park is actually pretty nice! It’s like someone actually cares about this place.”

As if from nowhere, a strange succubus wearing a flowery pink hat turned to greet Jazz. She had been crouching low to sweep up debris from the ground between the stands and the fence, hidden in a blind spot. “Gee, thanks doll-face.”

Jazz jumped out of her socks in surprise, zipping high into the air. Dip, Drop, and the groundskeeper watched as Jazz flew up into the sky, before falling right back down, landing back in her socks and shoes. “Phew! Sorry, about that. If you were a snake, you’d have bit me! I’m Jazz! Are you, like, the Scottish groundskeeper guy who takes care of the grass around here?”

The strange succubus tipped her hat, revealing her curly, blood red hair. “Yeah, you might say that. I’m Lola. Though, I prefer the term ‘sexton.’”

Jazz, Dip, and Drop all sniggered. “Hee hee…”

Jazz bent low to whisper to the kids. “...what’s a sexton?”

The sexton sighed. “Just another word for groundskeeper, but a bit sexier.”

Jazz nodded. “Sweet! So, are people, like, just allowed to use the ballpark?”

The sexton leaned against the chainlink fence and sighed. “That’s what it’s here for. I had it built as a gift for the man I love.”

Jazz beamed. “Oh? That’s so romantic! Where is he?”

“In heaven.”

Jazz blinked. “Why is the man you love in heaven?”

The sexton grinned. “Beats me. All I know is, he was the kind of guy who’d never cheat on his wife. Now, if you’ll excuse me, I’m cleaning the stands today. Batting cages are open if you kids want to use them.” The sexton strolled away, singing to herself. “Whatever Lola wants…Lola gets…And little man…Lola wants you…”

Jazz pressed her index finger against her lip. “Huh. I feel I know that gal from somewhere. Like an old musical or something.”

“I hate musicals,” said Drop, in a monotone voice.

“I hate the Yankees,” said Dip, in an equally monotone voice.

After letting themselves into the batting cages, Jazz pulled out a glove and ball, but Dip and Drop walked silently to activate the automatic pitching machine. Jazz frowned. “Aw! I was gonna show you my fastball pitch!”

Drop shook her head as she dropped a baseball into the machine and pulled a lever. “The pitching machine is more efficient.”

Dip nodded as he adjusted the aim on the machine. “Yeah, plus it’s easier to aim.”

Jazz glanced back and forth. “Aim it at what? It’s already aimed at home plate, you don’t need to–”

The evil grins on Dip and Drop’s face almost gave Jazz enough time to react before the machine spat the first baseball at her. She jumped and spun out of the way as a series of baseballs flew by her, but the last one glanced sharply across both her butt-cheeks. “Yeee-ipe!!”

“Oops,” said Dip.

“We missed,” said Drop.

Fuming, Jazz threw her glove to the ground and stomped toward the children. “You brats! You did that on purpose. Why I oughta–”

Jazz’s hands twitched as she stopped herself from strangling the two children. Snarling, she kicked the baseball glove, and snatched up a baseball bat, along with the baseball that had injured her backside. “Look, you kids want to play baseball, right? One person throws the ball…and the other person hits it!”

Tossing the ball lightly into the air, Jazz swung her bat like a big league slugger, and sent the ball flying out of the park. A home run! “Bang! Just like that! We don’t need a kooky machine to–”

“You lost the last baseball,” said Dip, baring his fangs in a wide smile.

Jazz blinked. “Uh…we can use another ball. You guys brought one.”

Drop shook her head, grinning to match her brother. “Yeah, but that ball wasn’t our property. You’re in big trouble.”

Jazz glanced nervously at the stands, wondering if Lola the Sexton was watching. “It’s…I’m sure it’s okay! Baseball parks burn through hundreds of balls every game.”

Drop crossed her arms. “Oh, so it’s fine to disrespect other people’s property, so long as it belongs to the government? I’m learning so much today!”

Dip pretended to stretch. “Yeah, and littering our national forests is cool too. I can’t wait to tell Mom all about that!”

Jazz groaned. “All right! We’ll go look for it!”

Drop scowled. “Who’s we?”

“You lost it, not us.”

Jazz tugged on the bells of her jester hat. “Fine! If you don’t want to help, then I’ll look for it. But I’m also watching you, so that means you get to stand around and watch me while I’m watching you, watching me look for the ball alone. Will that make you happy?”

Both twins grinned. “...It’s a start.”

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The baseball park bordered the edge of Pride Ring's Central Park Forest. Jazz guessed the rough location where her home run ball had landed and crawled on her hands and knees until she finally found the ball. "Here it is! Now we can finally go back to the ballpark."

Dip yawned. "Eh, ball park's boring."

Drop pouted. "Yeah, we don't want to play there anymore."

With a snarl, Jazz wound up her arm and pitched the baseball back towards the park, with perfect delivery.

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In the distance, Lola the sexton muttered to herself as she scooped up the baseballs littering the field. "Those kids! Can't they put anything back where they found it?" Jazz's baseball landed smack inside the chute of the automatic baseball pitcher with a hearty "Thunk!"

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Breathing heavy, Jazz rounded on the two children, and forced a smile. "There, baseball returned! Now, what do you kids want to do for fun?"

Drop glanced around the wooded area. "I want to play here."

"I like the trees better."

Jazz nodded. "Great idea! And what game do you kids want to play?"

"Baseball," said both at once.

Spluttering, Jazz turned away to hide her curses under her breath. After a furious wrestling match with an invisible enemy, Jazz pantomimed the act of spanking two invisible children, before turning around on Dip and Drop. "You know what, that's a great idea! Why don't you two just go and…*entertain* yourselves?"

Drop sneered, before tossing her baseball into her own glove. "That's the first smart thing you've said all day."

With a huff, Jazz sat down by the nearest tree and pulled out her phone. She still had several hours to go before they were due back in the Ring of Envy. Glancing up, Jazz noticed Dip and Drop pulling their baseball gear out of their duffle bags. Once she was satisfied the kids weren't

planning to pelt her with more baseballs, Jazz texted Ruby. “Sup Rubes? I’m having a rotten day. ”

Jazz tapped the side of her phone, until she saw Ruby’s reply. *“Sorry to hear that, hon. Is this a babysitting app gig? Like from the goofy ads?”*

Jazz stuck out her tongue as she typed. “Yeah! These brats are working my last nerve. So, first thing that happened…” Jazz’s fingers flew as she typed out a detailed recount of her horrible, terrible, no-good, very bad babysitting gig.

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Dip sighed as he swung and missed another pitch. “Drop! Try to throw it in the general direction of my strike zone. That’s the fourth ball you’ve thrown!”

Drop closed her eyes and shook her head. “Nuh uh! It’s a strike if you swing and miss, even if it’s outside the strike zone. That was strike three.”

“What? Who said we’re keeping count?”

“I did, and I am.”

“Well, why don’t we just keep going, until I get a hit, and then I’ll pitch to you, until you get a hit?”

“That’s not in the official rules of baseball.”

“But this isn’t an official baseball game!”

“If you don’t like the rules, you can take it up with the baseball commissioner.”

Dip threw his baseball bat to the ground so hard, it bounced up and smacked his own shin. “Agh! Just forget it! I’ll show you how to throw a fastball, right over the plate.”

Drop smirked as she collected the baseball bat and tapped the soles of her sneakers, then crouched into her baseball stance. “Perfect. Nothing like a few meatball pitches to set up a grand slam.”

Dip threw a fastball pitch so close to Drop’s nose that she fell back on her backside with a squeak. Rubbing her rear end, Drop snarled. “Hey! I wasn’t ready!”

“You approached home plate, and entered into your batting stance. It’s not my fault you were crowding the plate.”

Drop gripped her baseball bat so tight, her knuckles turned white. “But you didn’t say anything!”

Dip snickered. “Take it up with the baseball commissioner.”

With a growl, Drop scooped up the baseball and chucked it at Dip’s face. He caught it easily, but even with the protection of his glove, he felt a slight sting on his palm. Shaking his hand, Dip spotted their babysitter, studiously looking at her smartphone. “Is she really just dinking on her phone? She’s supposed to be monitoring us!”

Drop harrumphed as she got back into her batting stance. “Who cares? I prefer not having to listen to the bimbo’s voice.”

Dip fidgeted with the ball nervously, just like a real big-league pitcher would, before Major League Baseball introduced the new pitch clock rule in 2023. For this unforgivable sacrilege against baseball, the entire baseball commission was of course sentenced to Hell, where they promptly introduced the hellish rule changes to Hell’s baseball league. Fortunately, Dip and Drop did not particularly care for the absurd new rules, so that meant that they got to do all the cool little batting and pitching rituals that make baseball fun in the first place.

Dip dug his foot into the dirt, and stared intently at his sister as he wound up a fastball pitch. “I dunno, I like having someone new around. Gives me a break from having to hear your voice.”

Drop swung and missed, then tossed back the baseball. “Gives you someone to torture besides me, you mean.”

Dip grinned as he wound up for his best attempt at a screwball pitch. “I don’t need to do anything to torture you. I just exist, in my natural state of greatness, and you torture yourself with the knowledge that you’ll never measure up to my inherent superiorit–”

Dip was cut off as Drop hit the screwball, sending it flying over his head. As Dip spun to watch the ball fly, he saw it strike against a wooden fence with such force, the ball knocked a wooden plank off its nail.

Drop imitated Babe Ruth’s “called shot” pose as she rounded the invisible bases. “And there it is, folks! That looks like an inside-the-park home run! Man, the outfield sucks today!”

Dip scowled as he retrieved the ball. “Hey! Watch it! Shoot, there are old houses back here. That could have ripped through someone’s living room.”

Drop paused as she ran her second victory lap around home plate. “Huh? Why the hell are there houses in Pride Park?”

Dip waved at the houses behind him. “Beats me! Looked like an old hillbilly shack.”

Drop rushed to peep through the empty space in the wooden fence. “For real? Shoot, we’d better get out of here before we break something and get in big…trouble…”

Dip glanced back at Jazz, then turned back with an evil grin. “Hey, sister, dearest, do you know what I’m thinking?”

Drop held her hands behind her back, imitating a sweet girl's voice. “Why, brother, dearest, I believe you’re planning to give our babysitter a turn to play ball.”

Dip bowed. "You know me too well!"

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Jazz grumbled as she sent the last in her series of rapid fire texts. “...And I can’t take my eyes off them for a sec!”

Jazz’s phone seemed to pause to think, before Ruby’s next message appeared. *“Ok…In that case, maybe you’d better stay focused on them? I don’t want to distract you.”*

Jazz frowned, wishing Ruby was here. Jazz wasn’t sure if Ruby’s last text was supposed to be a form of encouragement, or a lecture. “Can’t we talk? I miss you Rubes.”

“I miss you too, Jazz. Just get through today, and if you don’t like it, you don’t have to do it any more. Call me if you need help.”

Jazz started as she heard Dip calling to her from a distance. “Hey, fat-aaa…ah, I mean, Miss Jazz, could you help us with our game?”

Drop poked her head from behind Dip, her eyes wide and shining. “Puh-leez?”

Jazz stuffed her phone in her pocket. “Oh, of course!”

Drop rushed forward and started nudging Jazz from behind, guiding her toward the fence. “Great, just stand right there. Take my glove. Just try to catch the ball whenever we belt one this way.”

Jazz grinned as she punched her free hand into her gloved hand. “Easy enough! Need me to pitch for–”

There was a dense thwack, and Jazz turned to see Dip had tossed himself a ball, and slammed a line drive toward her. With a squeak, Jazz rushed to intercept the ball before it flew over the fence, but before she took her first step…

Drop dropped Jazz’s leggings down with one clean yank, her eyes glinting with sinister delight.

Realizing she was wearing her seamless black boy shorts, Jazz squeaked and reached down to pull her leggings back up. “What the hell!” Jumping free of Drop’s grip, Jazz raced to catch the ball and dress herself at the same time. Diving up and forward, Jazz caught the ball before it could fly over the fence, only to crash into the fence herself. The entire fence collapsed as Jazz struck it. With a groan, Jazz lifted herself onto her hands, examining the baseball in her glove and the shack before her. “Well, at least I caught it before we broke a window.”

Two rocks flew over Jazz’s head and through the front door’s window. Jazz turned and saw Dip and Drop had thrown them, before they both stood at attention and straightened their clothes, trying to look innocent.

Drop cooed. “Oooh!”

Dip crowed. “Ah! Miss, Jazz, just look at what you did!”

As she stood towering over the twins, Jazz grit her teeth. “What the fuck?!?”

But before Jazz could do anything, she heard a second female voice, with a distinct southern accent, bellowing from behind the door. “What the FUCK!?!”

With a snap, the door was kicked off its hinges from inside, and the owner of the ramshackle shack appeared: a red skinned demon with wooden horns and wild purple hair, holding a shotgun. The woman’s crow skull earrings dangled wildly as she twisted her head left and right. “Who in Hell broke my window?”

Finally, the wild woman fixed her one good eye on Jazz, and Jazz noticed with a twinge of surprise that the stranger was missing an eye.

Jazz stood and held her hands up in surrender, before she remembered she hadn’t quite pulled up her leggings and reached for them, before she remembered the shotgun which was pointed at her face. Jazz ended up raising one hand in surrender while she pulled up her pants with her other hand. “Oh, I am so very sorry, Miss–”

The strange woman didn’t lower her shotgun. “–Oh, where are my manners? I’m Martha. And what might your name be?”

Jazz switched her hands to finish pulling up her pants, still keeping one hand in the air to surrender. “I-I’m Jazz!”

Martha smirked. “Well, ain’t that the cutest little nickname!”

“Right, Miss Martha! Anyway, this was a complete accident."

Martha sniffed, and lowered her shotgun, resting it on a pair of hooks outside her shack. The gun rack was decorated with a sign that read, “Warning: Trespassers will be shot. Survivors will be shot again.”

With a sigh of relief, Jazz finally risked lowering her hands, and twisted to look at the twins. "Oh, you guys did it now. Not only did you pull down my pants, but you damaged someone's property. I’m sorry, but as your official babysitter, I’ll have to punish you! So help me, when this is over, I'm gonna give you guys the worst spanking of your life!"

As Jazz waved a finger at the twins, Martha stared at Jazz’s derriere, and licked her lips. “...Yes, I think a good spanking should be enough. No need to call the sheriff over this!”

Jazz nodded toward Martha. “Yeah, sounds like a plan! You hear that, you little brats? This nice lady is going to give you two what your mother should have given you a long time ago. A nice, hard spankin–”

Martha nodded along with Jazz. “–For the babysitter.”

Jazz kept nodding for a few more seconds, then froze. “Say what now?”

Martha snatched Jazz by the wrist and started dragging her toward her shack’s front porch. Jazz pulled against Martha’s grip, to no avail. “Ow! Hey, leggo!”

Drop cooed again, with even more enthusiasm. “Ooooooooh!”

Dip jeered. “Someone is in biiiiiig trouble!”

Jazz shook her head. "B-but it wasn't me who broke the window. It was those two!"

Martha narrowed her one eye as she looked Jazz in the eye. “Ain’t you the guardian of these two?”

“Um, I guess so, but I’m not a family member. I’m just their babysitter.”

Martha held her nose up. Or, rather, she would have if the animators ever drew noses. “Which means you’re responsible for them. So now it’s time to take responsibility!”

Martha seated herself, and patted her lap. “Come along now, bottoms up!”

Jazz bit her thumb. “Um, I dunno, can’t we try using reason?”

Martha looked incensed. “I’ll give you a reason to never trespass on my property ever again. Now, enough chit chat! It’s time for spanking!”

With a single tug, Jazz was forced to stumble forward and flop across Martha's lap. Jazz twisted to look over her shoulders, her eyes pleading. "But-but, Miss Martha, I could pay for the damages! No need to spank my ass!"

Martha adjusted her seat, raising her right knee and dropping her left knee. "Aw, it's just a little 'ole spanking on your little ole' butt. It ain't gonna harm ya."

Jazz felt her hips thrust upward at a higher angle. "...but…it *is* going to hurt?"

Martha patted Jazz's bottom, then examined her target more closely. "Exactly…Oh, yeah. You've got a full bakery down here.

Dip and Drop snickered. Jazz's face turned red and she wriggled slightly. It was as if Jazz's butt was nodding to accept the compliment. "Ummm, thank you, that's a flattering compliment, but please don't spank–"

Martha landed a single clap, not with her full strength, but enough to produce a sting. "Ah, that's the stuff. Your ass is a bit doughy, but it's still got a nice 'ring' to it. Now, let's get the dough ready for the oven…"

With that, Martha began to knead Jazz's butt cheeks like two lumps of bread dough.

Jazz mewed with surprise, and hummed. To her surprise, even Jazz knew well what was coming, she still found the stress and tension in her body start to melt away as Martha carried on with the forceful massage.

Martha sighed. "Damn, I ain't no artist, but I know a work of art when I see it. Nothing like doing a little painting, *en plein air.*" With that, Martha tucked her thumbs into the waistband of Jazz's leggings, and tugged them both down neatly.

As Jazz felt her panties exposed, she threw back a single hand in a failed attempt to block them from sight. "No, no, no, wait wait waaay–"

Jazz felt her black boy shorts as they were tugged down to join her leggings. "Ack! Stop that!"

Martha giggled and traced her finger along Jazz's exposed lower butt cheeks. "Oh darling, we haven't even started. And I must say, it's even hotter when it's out in the open. Sun's out, buns out!"

Martha fondled Jazz's buttocks for another few moments. Martha tried stretching each of Jazz's butt cheeks, hypnotised by how they jiggled and bounced back into place. Finally, Jazz huffed and crossed her arms. "Alright, that's it! I've had enough. You've been playing and massaging my ass for ten minutes. Are you going to spank it or not?"

Martha answered by landing two firm claps. “Hmm, fair nuff.”

Jazz hissed as she felt the claps, and realized that Martha knew how to put force behind her slaps. “NO, NOT FAIR NUFF! NOT FAIR AT ALL! I'M GOING HOME NOW!”

Jazz strained to lift herself up from Martha’s lap, but Martha only clicked her tongue as she pinned the struggling succubus’s waist between her legs. "Tsk, tsk. My stars, looks like you're gonna be a stubborn one. I like that! Well, I might as well get started!”

Jazz found herself trapped in an unusual spanking position. With her face low to the ground, Jazz was forced to support her upper torso on her elbows. Jazz’s feet kicked uselessly in the air behind her, until they tangled on her leggings. Jazz glimpsed Martha raising her hand, and shut her eyes tight. “Ooooh, this is gonna sting!”

“Hey, stop!” called Dip’s voice.

“Don’t spank her yet!” added Drop.

Jazz peeped her eyes open to spot the twins rushing toward the porch. “Oh, my heroes, thank you! Please help me get this b**** off of me, and we can get out of here. I promise I won't tell on you! I'll–”

“Can we help you spank her?” asked Drop, folding her hands in front of her, as if in prayer.

“Yeah, if we all work together we can really give her hell,” added Dip, stretching his arms out wide.

Jazz snarled. “You little sh–”

But before Jazz could curse the children, Martha cut her off by squeezing her buttocks. “Ha! That could be fun, but…this ass is all mine now. Now, get away from my property!”

The twins both whined. “But…”

Martha flipped the bird. “G’wan, get!”

The twins stomped away, before both turned to give Martha the middle finger. Martha reached for the shotgun hanging on her porch. “Oh yeah? Them’s fighting words?”

Dip and Drop squeaked, and darted to hide behind the fence. Martha snorted. “That’s what I figured…”

Martha glanced down at Jazz’s buttocks. “Now, where were we?”

“You were just telling me I’d learned a valuable lesson today, and were about to let me up again–”

SMACK!

“Aaaah!”

Martha slammed her hand down across the center of Jazz’s bottom, and immediately began to spank at a brisk pace, with relentless force. Jazz’s booty bounced with each blow.

“Eeek! Yow! Owie, owie, wow!” Jazz kicked her feet so wildly, her leggings flew off.

Martha snickered, then yanked Jazz’s boy shorts the rest of the way down and off. “Dang! Keep that up. I love watching how your heinie bounces around.”

Jazz hissed, then took a sucking breath, as she tried to control her thoughts. *“F***! She’s strong. This hurts so bad. At least those snot-nosed brats are gone, so they can’t tease me for getting a bare bottom spanking. This can’t get any worse!”*

A strange, elderly voice snapped Jazz out of her private contemplation. “And here, we find the historic woodlands of Pride City Park, planted from the seeds of the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil itself!”

Jazz snapped her eyes open to find an old lady leading a tour group, just outside of the perimeter of Martha’s smashed fence.

Martha giggled as she carried on spanking Jazz. “Oh, my! Seems we’ve attracted an audience.”

A little boy in the tour group raised his hand and pointed at Jazz. “Who’s that lady getting a spanking on her big, fat, bare-naked butt?”

A little girl scratched her head. “Did she eat from the Forbidden Fruit? I hear we’re not supposed to do that.”

A second girl put her hands on her hips. “No, you dunce, it was Adam and Eve who wasn’t supposed to do that.”

The boy pointed his thumb at Jazz. “Well maybe she’s Eve. Eve’s always naked in the picture books, and she’s almost naked, isn’t she?”

The first girl shrugged. “Well, she’s almost naked. But not all naked. She’s still got a shirt on.”

“Didn’t Eve wear a shirt made out of leaves in the Garden of Eden?”

“Hold on, I thought Eve was in heaven.”

Jazz’s eyes went wide, then she squirmed and howled with renewed vigor. “YEEKK! LET ME UP, LET ME UP!”

Martha delivered ten more spanks, waiting until Jazz had finished kicking, before hauling Jazz up off her lap, setting her back onto her feet. “Ha, ha! Calm your tits, Jazz, I think I’ve had enough of these people gawking at me.”

Jazz rubbed her bottom, wincing. “Wait, you’re finally letting me go?”

Martha patted Jazz’s shoulders. “Ah, you’re too much! We’re just going inside to finish your spanking. I want you all to myself!”

Before Jazz could protest, Martha hauled Jazz up onto her shoulder, and carried her inside her shack. Jazz tensed as she saw the hard ground below her. “Eep! Don’t let me fall!”

Martha gave Jazz’s upturned ass a few love taps. “Simmer down. You’ll be fine if you don’t wriggle off. Hey! Show’s over, folks! Now get off my lawn!”

After Martha carried Jazz inside, the crowd of children followed their tour guide, grumbling. “Aw! Just when this field trip was starting to get interesting!”

After the school kids left, Dip and Drop poked their heads out from behind a bush, just outside Martha’s property. Dip scowled. “This sucks! I can’t believe that hillbilly didn’t let us spank Jazz. Talk about selfish!”

Drop smiled, and pointed to the shed’s sole, remaining unbroken window. “Look on the bright side, Dip. Now that the crowd is gone…we can get front row seats!”

Dip sneered. “I like the way you think, Drop!”

“Well, someone has to do the job, Dip!”

…

Martha set down Jazz and settled into her recliner. Jazz danced on the balls of her feet, clutching her bottom. “Huh? Where are my boy shorts?”

Martha spun Jazz’s undergarments on her index finger. “Is that what they call these now?”

Jazz lunged forward, only for Martha to snatch her by the wrist. “Hey, give those back!”

Martha shook her head, and stuffed the panties into her cleavage. “Sorry, sweet cheeks, I'm keeping them. Think of it like a trophy.”

Jazz dug in her heels to pull against Martha's grip with her full weight, only to flop forward to rest on Martha's lap, face-to-face. Martha patted Jazz's behind, and wrapped her arms around Jazz's waist in a gentle, but firm, embrace. "Settle down, ya hooligan."

Jazz suddenly felt strangely secure, seated eye-to-eye with the larger woman.

Jazz did a double take as a strange, gray-haired woman poked her head out of the kitchen. She had soft purple skin and goat hooves in place of feet. On her dainty nose, she wore a pair of narrow, red reading glasses. With all the tears and stitches in the woman's skirt and blouse, it was clear her outfit had seen better days, but she held her head high with a sort of quiet dignity. "Martha? Finished chasing off those terrible trespassers already? I made some coffee and cinnamon…rolls? Oh, my!"

Jazz suddenly noticed her bare ass poking out, and saw how silly she must look sitting on Martha's lap. Martha grinned. "Hey, May-bae. This here's our trespasser, Miss Jazz. Jass, this is Mrs. Mayberry."

Mayberry set down the plate of cinnamon rolls and coffee on the living room table. "I just go by 'Miss Mayberry' now."

"Oh? You finally making it official? …Wait, if you're leaving that cheating dumbass, why are you keeping his name?"

Mayberry poured herself a coffee. "Well, all the children called me Mrs. Mayberry for so many years, it's what I called myself. So I'll keep the Mayberry part. It has such a pleasant sound to it."

Martha patted Mayberry's behind. "Whatever floats your boat. Go whip up another plate and coffee for our *uninvited* guest, would ya? I have some work to do."

Jazz swallowed. "Work? What kind of work? I could help if you want."

Martha reached around to clap both of Jazz's butt cheeks. "Oh, no, I'm the one who's gonna help you. I'm gonna teach you to respect the value of private property."

As Martha grabbed Jazz by the waist and guided her down across her lap, Jazz squeaked and rested her hands and feet on the armrests on either side. Despite being a little scrunched, Jazz felt strangely cozy in this position. "But…I do respect the value of property! I pay off my credit card bill every month now!"

Martha patted Jazz's bottom, at half strength, which was still enough to awaken the sting of the previous punishment. "You don't learn respect by whipping out your wallet. You learn respect by feeling it, from the *bottom* of your heart…right here."

For emphasis, Martha squeezed Jazz's bottom, then began to land quick, but gentle spanks. Jazz made a calculated decision not to argue with Martha's incorrect description of her anatomy.

Mayberry appeared with an additional plate and coffees, balancing them like a waitress. "Here you are, dear."

As she felt the steady rhythm of love taps, Jazz stared at the coffee and cinnamon rolls, resting just out of reach. "Um, thanks, I guess?"

Martha eyed Mayberry as she gave Jazz's behind a gentle squeeze. "Sure you don't want to join us for coffee and cinnamon buns May-Bae? …There's enough for both of us."

Mayberry hummed as she gave Jazz's other buttock an experimental squeeze. "Hmm, that does sound tempting. But I'll have to pass. Maybe next time."

Jazz moaned. "Why next time?"

Mayberry pouted at Martha. "Because *someone* around here keeps forgetting to get groceries."

"I still have half of that deer that got flattened on the highway. I'll make venison."

"Ugh! You need to eat something other than roadkill once in a while!"

Martha pinched Mayberry's behind. "Fine. I'll let you cook tonight. But I owe you one."

Mayberry thrilled, then bustled out of the living room. "Buh, bye, girls. Miss Jazz, be a good girl, and accept your spanking, and I promise Martha won't go too hard on you."

Martha huffed. "And what are you gonna' do if I don't? Make me write lines?"

Mayberry poked her head back in the door. "Among other things. So, be nice to our guest, invited or otherwise."

Martha nodded. "Yes, teacher."

Mayberry disappeared.

Jazz blinked, then glanced up at Martha. With a snort, Martha began spanking Jazz again, slightly harder than she had been doing a moment ago. After a minute or two of spanking, Martha paused. "Now, Jazz, let's take a little break. I'm gonna get you off my lap, but don't try to escape, understand?"

Jazz nodded, and mumbled a soft, "Mm-hmm!"

As Jazz watched, Martha took a big bite of cinnamon roll, and slurped at her coffee, humming as she savored it. “Wow! My May-bae can cook a mean cinnamon roll. Help yourself, Jazz.”

Glancing back at her bare bottom, Jazz looked for a place to sit, and found nothing. Finally, Jazz sighed and tried a bite of her cinnamon roll, followed by a sip of coffee. “Say! This is delicious!”

“Told ya!”

“...So, are you and Miss Mayberry…together?”

Martha sipped a little too much coffee, and choked. “Gack! Wrong tube! Uh, kinda. See, I sort of fucked her husband, so then she went crazy and shot me, but I survived, so she hired a bunch of dumb-ass assassins to take me out, and I totally had the situation handled, until they cheated right at the end. So now I’m stuck here, and I decide to track her down and take some vengeance of my own.”

Jazz nodded. “What kind of vengeance?”

“I spanked her. She put up a helluva scrap, I’ll give her that.”

“I take it this was a real cat fight. Not like a playful, roleplay thing, with safe words?”

Martha rubbed her neck. “Yeah, see, I was raised Southern, so I’d never heard of safe words before?”

“Okay. This is either the most toxic, or the most romantic thing I’ve ever heard.”

Martha wiped her mouth on the back of her arm, before pausing to pick up a napkin. “Maybe both? See, I didn’t know Mr. Mayberry was married until we were a few years into it, and by then I was madly in love, and he kept promising to leave her and marry me one day.”

“But you did know, for part of it at least?”

Martha swallowed. “Yeah, that part I wasn’t proud of, so…I apologized to May.”

Jazz nodded. “And did she…spank you?”

Martha coughed, then folded her arms, blushing. “Only because I let her win! …But, yes, she spanked me. So after that, we got to talking, we both figured…we were even. So, why should we keep fighting over some dumb ass who’d lied to us both?”

“Huh. Sounds like that spanking was the start of a beautiful friendship! Have you tried using safe words yet? They’re really helpful for me and Ruby.”

Martha sat on her hands. “Uh…don’t worry, May made sure I learned all about safe words…first hand.”

Suddenly, Martha spotted Jazz’s empty plate, and straightened her posture. Jazz noticed, and swallowed the last bite of her cinnamon roll with a gulp. Martha set down her coffee cup and cracked her knuckles. “I take it you enjoyed your refreshments?”

Jazz nodded, wiping a crumb of cinnamon away with a napkin. “Yes, it was delicious?”

Martha grabbed Jazz by the wrist and guided her back to the recliner. “Good to hear, but now… I’ve gotta spank ya’ s’more!”

As Jazz was tugged back onto Martha’s lap, she squealed. “Um, while we’re on the topic of safe words, why don’t we–”

Martha planted a smack. “Oh, yeah, good idea. Martha’s safe word is to sing the entire alphabet song backwards. Just do that, and I’ll know to stop.”

Before Jazz could explain she didn’t know how to sing the alphabet song backwards, Martha began to spank at a steady pace. “Ow! Ouch! Oooooh!”

…

Outside, Dip and Drop watched with glee. “Finally! I thought they’d never shut up. The smell of those cinnamon rolls was making me hungry,” said Dip.

Drop reached into her duffle bag. “You know what’s better than cinnamon rolls, Dip?”

“Whatever it is, I’m sure you’re going to tell me.”

Drop pulled out her smartphone and opened the video camera. “Recording our babysitter getting a spanking and posting it to the internet?”

Dip grinned from ear to ear. “Ok, that’s better than cinnamon rolls, I’ll admit it. If we’re lucky, we’ll go viral! We can start a prank channel!”

Drop giggled. “Hee, hee. A spank-prank channel!”

They both paused as a shadow hovered over them. As they spun, they found Ms. Mayberry had snuck up on them, her glasses reflecting the blinding sun. “My, my, what do we have here? Two naughty children spying on strangers’ property? This will simply not do.”

Ms. Mayberry set down her bag of groceries, then pulled out a wooden ruler, slapping it smartly against her palm. “Looks like I will have to discipline you two.”

Dip and Drop both swallowed a lump in their throats.

…

Jazz wailed and pleaded, before her voice accidentally became sultry. “Aaah! Owww! Stop, please! …Or at least go a little slower?”

But Martha was apparently experiencing a temporary case of selective deafness. With a nudge, Martha guided Jazz to crawl forward off her lap. Jazz could only hope that this might be the end of her ordeal, before Martha caught Jazz by the back of her legs, and straddled her into a wheelbarrow position.

Martha flashed her teeth in a shark-like smile. “Time for the booty bongo, I think.” Using both hands, Martha began to beat out a rhythm on Jazz’s upturned cheeks, like she was playing a bluegrass bayou beat.

Jazz bit the sleeve of her shirt, trying to remember what came after “Z” in the alphabet, in reverse order. Just when Jazz was about to start pleading again, Martha paused and massaged Jazz’s behind. Jazz whistled with relief. Then she felt Martha’s fingers circling her exposed privates. “I promised Martha I’d go easy on you. Want to try something else? I can take your mind off of your sore little bottom, if you want.”

Jazz shook her head. “Um, thank you for the offer, but no, please. I’m in a committed relationship, you see.”

Martha nodded and lifted her hand. “Ah, I understand. Well, if you ever change your mind, just let me know…Your girlfriend is welcome too.”

Jazz sighed with relief, before Martha surprised her with another spank, using both hands, with full force. Jazz squealed and crawled forward, scrambling away from Martha’s lap. “Okay! That is quite enough! I love spanking as much as the next succubus…okay, I probably love it a lot more than the next succubus…but a girl has her limits!”

Jazz felt a shiver travel up her back as Martha stared at her. Finally, Martha rested her chin on her fist, looking thoughtful. “I see. So you don’t consent to having a sexy spanking?”

“Exactly! Now, you and Miss Mayberry have been very kind, and I’m totally open to discussing the idea of a four-way spanking session with Ruby, but not without talking to her first.”

Martha nodded. “I respect that. Well, if that’s how you want it to be, I won’t pressure you…No more sexy spanking.”

Jazz sighed with relief. Then Martha picked Jazz up by the waist, and sat her back down on her lap. “So, in that case, I’ll just give you a final disciplinary spanking to act as your punishment for trespassing and damaging my property.”

“B-but…”

Martha imitated a proper voice, like a school teacher. “Now, now, Miss Jazz. I think, deep down, you know you deserve a spanking, don’t you?”

“Well, sure, but–”

“And I also suspect that you know you haven’t been a very responsible babysitter, have you?”

“Uh, I suppose you’re right, but there were some extenuating circumstances that–”

“And I’m sure that, because you’re a good girl at heart, you’re ready to take accountability, and do better in the future.”

Jazz sighed, then hung her head, folding her hands in her lap. “Yes, ma’am.”

“So, what does that mean you’re getting, Miss Babysitter?”

“A spanking, ma’am.”

“Very good! In that case, just lean back and relax. I’ll get this spanking all taken care of.”

Jazz blinked as she felt Martha guiding her to lie on her back across her lap. *“Huh? What is she up…to?”*

As if in answer, Martha pressed her arm against the back of Jazz’s legs to lift her feet up high in the air. “Allez…oop!”

Jazz realized with horror she was being held exactly like a baby before being diapered. Martha grinned. “Since you’ve done a lousy job baby sitting today…I think you deserve to be spanked like a baby…and do no more sitting for the rest of the day.”

Jazz trembled as she felt the cool air tickle her entirely-exposed, upside-down, heart shaped bottom. “Eep! Oh, Martha, please, noooo!” But even as Jazz whined, she felt her desire to resist die.

“Now, let’s get this booty some extra red on it!” Martha began the spanking, as if starting over from the beginning. This time, she started slowly, at full strength. But with each slap, Martha gradually increased the tempo. As the sting built to a consistent, fiery burn, Jazz shook her head so hard, her jester hat flew off. Jazz felt her resistance break, and tears spilled backwards down

her face, tickling her ears. “OWWIE! MARTHA PLEASE STOP I'M SORRY THE KIDS BROKE YOUR WINDOW. I'M REALLY SORRY, PLEASE, OWWIE, OWWIE!"

Martha kept up the furious pace until Jazz’s pleas were reduced to incoherent blubbering and racking sobs. “Hmm…apology accepted, Jazz. Let’s call it even.”

Martha helped Jazz sit up, and cry on her shoulder for a few moments. As Jazz tried to stand up, Martha gave Jazz a final playful slap across her rump. “That last one’s for luck. Now, you stay right here. I’ve got something for you.”

Martha disappeared into her bedroom, and Jazz overheard her rifling for something. “Crud! Where’s that damn lube when I need it?”

Jazz stiffened. “L-lube?”

Spotting her hat, Jazz snatched it up and bolted for the door, forgetting about her leggings and underpants. “There’s no place like home, there’s no place like home!”

Jazz vaulted over Mayberry as she spirited out the door and away from the shack. Mayberry’s ruler froze in the air as she felt the wind rush by her. “Huh? Miss Jazz? Where are you going? I was going to make you supper?”

Martha appeared at the door, waving a tube of lotion. “Hey! Get back here! I got the lube for ya!”

Mayberry stared at the bottle of lotion. “Martha, what did you tell her you were going to do with that?”

Martha blinked, staring at the tube. “Eh? I told her I was getting the lube, you know, to help her soothe her sore butt. We always use it after a spanking.”

“Martha, you should call it ‘lotion.’ When you call it lube, people think you’re using it for…something else.”

“Something else…like what…oh! That something else! What a hilarious misunderstanding! Maybe I can catch up with her, to explain it?”

Mayberry sighed, and guided the two sobbing, well-spanked twins off her lap. “Let her go, Martha. I have a feeling we’ll be seeing her again soon. She forgot the two miscreants she was supposed to be babysitting. We’ll have to call their mother. ”

Dip and Drop both whinged as they rubbed their bottoms furiously, then froze stiff as they heard Mayberry clapped her hands sharply. “No rubbing your bottoms. And no feeling sorry for yourselves. Now, noses against the wall, both of you. You have some thinking to do!”

The twins sniffled as they rushed to stand in time out, both instinctively putting their hands behind their heads in a gesture of surrender. “...Yes, Miss Mayberry.”

…

Jazz streaked through Pentagram City to reach the Hellevator. Jazz pressed a button absentmindedly, then examined her aching behind. “God, my ass is killing me! Okay, Jazz, you just need to get home safe. Then you can let Ruby kiss your boo-boo's and make it–”

The elevator light stopped on the Ring of Greed, and the doors opened, to reveal Mrs. Lacey Fichtkaern, talking furiously on the phone. “But I still can’t believe you *spanked* my precious babies? I’ve never spanked them once in their entire lives! …What’s that? Well, no, I never considered it that way, but still–”

As she spotted Jazz, Lacey stomped up and pulled Jazz out of the elevator by the collar of her shirt. “…Ah, there you are, Miss Jazz! You’re ten minutes late! And I got the strangest phone call. I’ll be speaking to your manager about…where are my children?”

As Jazz glanced behind her, she suddenly remembered two very important things she’d forgotten. “Shoot! The brats? Uh, well, you see Mrs. Fish-karen, your nasty little–I mean, the kids–were right behind me, when…Ahem! Funny story, you won’t believe what happened!”

“Well, I can tell by the color of your ass you just got spanked recently, so that’s a minor condolence.”

Jazz suddenly remembered the *other* two very important things she’d forgotten, and quickly covered her front. “Oh, that! I can explain everything.”

“No need, I had a call from a Miss Mayberry? It seems my children are both safe, and sound, and soundly spanked. If Miss Mayberry is to be believed, it’s worked wonders on their bad attitudes. I’ll have to consider adding spanking to my parental tool kit. But as for you…”

Lacey waved a fin-like finger in Jazz’s face. “I was already annoyed with you, but forgetting my children entirely? You’ve been a complete disaster as a babysitter. Care to guess what you’ll be getting for the job you did?”

Jazz grinned sheepishly. “Uh…six hundred bucks for my troubles, and a rating of four stars out of five?”

Lacey pinched Jazz by the ear and led her to a public bench. “Wrong! I paid you to watch my children, and you didn’t. So, for every minute you weren’t watching them, I’m going to spank you for a full minute!”

Jazz nodded as she was guided over Lacey's knee, in full view of a gathering crowd of spectators. At this point in her life, Jazz had learned to accept her fate of being spanked constantly, at least when she knew she had it coming. "Yes, ma'am. Um, I think it was about 5 p.m. when I got…distracted? So, that's 3 hours of spanking I have coming…"

"Hmph. Plus the 10 minutes for being late, plus every minute I have to wait for Miss Mayberry to drop them off. So we might as well start right now!"

Jazz peeped open an eye. "...say, where is Chunky, Jr?

Lacey Fichtkaern froze, her eyes wide. "Argh! I forgot him at bridge club! This is all your fault! If you hadn't distracted me, I'd never have forgotten my precious child! That's it, I'll just have to bring you home and spank you from dawn til dusk tomorrow! I'll be giving you a 1-star review on the app, but if you take your spanking…I'll consider hiring you again. Miss Mayberry did mention that the children were being quite a handful, today."

With that, Lacey began to spank Jazz in earnest. Jazz yelped and squeaked, as she tried to block out the sounds of laughter and jeering. "Aah! Ow, ow! I HATE THIS JOB!"

…

Charlie Morningstar, Princess of Hell, rushed to greet commuters as they stepped off the elevator, handing them brochures for the Hazbin Hotel. "Change is possible! You can be free of the grip of hate and vice. Join the Hazbin Hotel 'Redemption Point' program!"

As the crowd brushed by Charlie, Vaggie silently held out her hand, quickly handing each passerby a brochure without a word. "Charlie, you've got to work on your delivery. Most people don't want to be stopped when they're rushing home. You've got to master the art of the introvert-to-fellow-introvert pamphlet hand off."

They both froze as they heard the unmistakable sound of a spanking. Princess Charlie spun to find a succubus, naked below the waist, bucking and rearing wildly as she was spanked by a middle-aged fish demon. "Ohmigosh! That poor, unfortunate soul! We have to help her, Vaggie! …Vaggie, are you listening?"

Smiling softly as she watched the succubus' booty bounce with each and every smack, Vaggie seemed to start awake. "Wuh? Oh, yeah, I'm fine. But, Charlie, I don't think it's a good idea to get involved. Whatever that succubus did, she must have done something bad enough to deserve it."

Charlie rubbed her hands together. "But, what if she's innocent?"

Vaggie hummed. "Hmm, you're right. Maybe we should watch carefully, and get a better understanding of the situation, before we intervene…"

Charlie glanced nervously at the suffering succubus. “Okay…how long do you think we need to watch carefully, before we have a better understanding of the situation?”

The fish demon had pulled a wooden hairbrush out from her purse, and was just beginning a second round of paddling.

Vaggie shrugged. “Eh, I’d say a few minutes, tops.”

The End